

POOR OLD UNCLE RUBE.

Words by Harry Bloodgood.

Melody by James Mass.

Arranged by John Braham.

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Oh, when I was a little piocaninny,
I used to lub ole massa and missus, too,
Dey brought me all de way from ole Virginny,
And not much work dey ebber made me do ;
But now I'm growing old, yes old, and feeble,
My hair is almost turning into gray ;
When the leaves begin to brown upon the trees, yes !
'Tis den ole Uncle Rub will pass away.

So muffle up de banjo, put away de bones,
De jaw-bones and de fiddle hold a-loof "good lamb,"
Hang my old white hat on de peg behind de door,
And say good-bye to poor old Uncle Rube.
Hang my old white hat on de peg behind de door,
And say good-bye to poor old Uncle Lube.

De Lord has gib me orders to be ready,
And I'll be on hand when Gabriel blows his horn,
I bress de Lord for keeping me so steady,
To meet Him on high when I am gone ;
For dey say dat heaben is a mighty kingdom,
Wid corn and cotton-fields so bright and gay,
Where dere is no oberseer, but one master,
And from dere, de darkies nebber runs away.

So muffle up de banjo, put away de bones,
De jaw-bone and de fiddle hold a-loof, "good lamb,"
Hang my old white hat on de peg behind de door,
And say good-bye to poor old Uncle Rube.
Hang my old white hat on de peg behind de door,
And say good-bye to poor old Uncle Rube.

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